

DELL COMIC

DELL

A DELL COMIC

JULY-SEPT.

10¢

BUCK JONES





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LONGHORN



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The lean and leggy Longhorn left an indelible imprint upon the pages of pioneer history. Evolution of the animal began with the settling of the Southwest. When the settlers' wagon trains began rolling into these vast plains, they brought along small bunches of eastern cattle, mostly Short-

New Mexico that by 1835 there were six Longhorns for every person in Texas alone.

Top price for a prime steer was four dollars. Rawhide was used for every purpose: as lariats, saddles, clothing, and even for furniture.

The average Longhorn weighed between 800 and 1000 pounds, though on good feed, his weight sometimes exceeded a ton. Light or heavy, he was good for two or three decades.

In fact, the full spread of horns was not achieved until "mid-age"—twelve to fifteen years. The horn spread of the average steer was six feet, though horns measuring nine feet, from tip to tip, have been recorded.

As time passed, the Longhorn grew so wild, mean-tempered, and dangerous that finally no Texan with "Longhorn savvy" would leave his horse's back in the vicinity of a "red-eyed" steer.

(Continued on inside back cover)



horns. Before long, these domesticated breeds were mixing and crossing with the fierce Andalusian cattle imported earlier by the Spanish dons. From these chance crossings, there was born a fixed breed—the Texas Longhorn, soon to become animals of fabulous legend.

Though meat from the lean flanks of the steers provided the main diet of the pioneer settlers—Longhorn steak was eaten three times a day—these animals multiplied so fast in the vast geography that is Texas and



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BUCK JONES

The
LONE WOLF
DEPUTY

WHAT LUCK! IT'S THAT
BLASTED SHERIFF! WELL,
HE'LL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT 'IM!







AT BARREL ROCK
PASS A FEW
MINUTES LATER...

HA! HERE COMES
THAT PEG-LEGGED
SKUNK DOWN FROM
TH' MINES! TH'
BOSS SAID TO FIX HIM
GOOD FOR GIVIN' US
TH' SLIP YESTERDAY!



HEY, WHAT TH'...?
NOW WHAT? WHOA
AGAIN, YOU JUGHEADS!

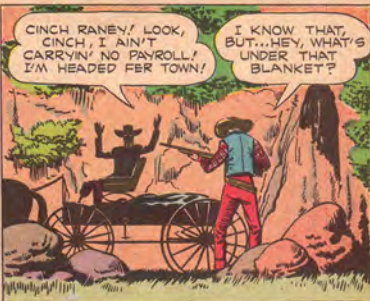


SO I MISSED
YOU, EH, STOVEUP?
WELL, I NEVER
MISS TWICE!



CINCH RANEY! LOOK,
CINCH, I AIN'T
CARRYIN' NO PAYROLL!
I'M HEADED FER TOWN!

I KNOW THAT,
BUT...HEY, WHAT'S
UNDER THAT
BLANKET?



TH' BODY OF SHERIFF JUD
CONRADY! HE WAS DRY-GULCHED
AT TH' BOX-4 LINE SHACK!



SOME STRANGE
WADDIE ASKED
ME T' DELIVER
'IM HOME WHILE
HE TRACKED TH'
KILLER!

WELL, WELL! I
RECKON THIS
CARGO WINS YOU
A SAFE TRIP!
WOW, WAIT'LL TH'
BOSS HEARS TH'
GOOD NEWS!



THE NEXT DAY...



IT MUSTA BEEN MY BROTHER, GHOST, WHO PLUGGED TH' SHERIFF, BUT WHY DON'T HE SHOW UP HERE? WE GOT WORK TO DO!

NOW WHO'S GONNA BE TH' NEW SHERIFF, BANTY?



TH' NEW SHERIFF? HMM, LEMME SEE... HA, I KNOW JUST TH' ONE! HAW, HAW, THIS'LL KILL YA!



I'LL TELL "JUDGE" HARDIN TO APPOINT A SHERIFF WHO CAN'T CAUSE US ANY TROUBLE!



YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE HIM APPOINT ONE OF OUR BOYS?

NO-O-O, WE CAN'T GO THAT FAR YET! BUT WHAT ABOUT ANOTHER CONRADY...? BILLIE, THIS TIME?



YOU MEAN BILLIE CONRADY, TH' SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER?

O'RECT! CAN YA IMAGINE SADDLE BUTTE, TH' WILDEST TOWN WEST O' TH' PECOS, HAVIN' A LADY SHERIFF?

HAW, HAW! YIPPEE!



LATER, BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND JAILHOUSE...

STOVEUP, ARE YOU POSITIVE THE MAN WHO FOUND MY FATHER YESTERDAY ISN'T A MEMBER OF THE NORTON TRIBE?

WAL, I CAN'T EXACTLY SWEAR TO IT, BILLIE!

YOU SEE, TH' STRANGER
DIDN'T INTRODUCE HISSELF/
HIS TWO COLTS WAS HIS
CALLIN' CARDS!

I'VE GOT TO
FIND THAT MAN! I
MUST KNOW MORE
ABOUT DAD'S
KILLING!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
HERE,
JUDGE
HARDIN?

AH, MY DEAR... SOME
OF THE RESPONSIBLE
CITIZENS WOULD LIKE
TO SHOW THEIR
APPRECIATION OF
YOUR FATHER'S
FINE WORK IN
THE COMMUNITY,
AH...

INDEED?

AH, YES, THEY'D LIKE
YOU TO ACCEPT THE
POST OF HONORARY
SHERIFF UNTIL YOUR
FATHER'S TERM
EXPIRES, AH...!

REALLY? I'M DEEPLY TOUCHED
...BUT WHY NOT SWEAR ME
IN AS THE OFFICIAL
LAW OFFICER
OF THIS TOWN?

AH, WHY NOT
INDEED? SADDLE
BUTTE WILL BE
PROUD OF ITS
FIRST LADY
SHERIFF!

VERY WELL, JUDGE,
SWEAR ME IN!
HERE'S MY
FATHER'S
BADGE!

ARE YOU
PLUMB LOCO,
BILLIE? YOU
...A SHERIFF?

THERE'VE BEEN OTHER
LADY SHERIFFS
IN THE WEST,
STOVEUP!

HUH, NOT
THAT LIVED LONG
ENOUGH T' BRAG
ABOUT IT, YOU
CRAZY FILLY!

TH' JUDGE SURE IS
TAKIN' HIS SWEET
TIME! WONDER IF
TH' GAL'S GONNA
TAKE TH' JOB?

AW, TH' JUDGE'S
A SLICK CUSTOMER,
BANTY!

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE

GENERAL ST.

WELL, GOOD
DAY, AH,
SHERIFF!

TH' NORTON GANG'LL
TEAR THIS TOWN
APART, NOW THAT
YOU'RE SHERIFF,
BILLIE! AN' YOU
JEST SIGNED YOUR
DEATH WARRANT!

I'M NO FOOL, STOVEUP!
I'M GOING TO SEND
FOR A VERY GOOD
FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S
WHO IS NOW IN
WYOMING! I'LL MAKE
HIM MY DEPUTY!

YOU MEAN
BUCK JONES?

OF COURSE! I
DON'T REMEMBER
WHAT HE LOOKS
LIKE, BUT I'VE
HEARD DAD SAY
BUCK'S THE
GREATEST
FIGHTER ALONG
POWDER RIVER!

MEANTIME, YOU TAKE
NEXT WEEK'S PAYROLL
TO THE MINES THIS
AFTERNOON!

GOOD IDEA! TH'
NORTON GANG'LL
NEVER EXPECT
ANOTHER DELIVERY
SO SOON!

NOW, SLIP OUT THE
BACK WAY AND TELL
THE BANK CASHIER
TO HAVE THE
PAYROLL READY...
UH, WHAT'S THAT?

UH-OH, TH'
NORTON
HOOTERS!
TROUBLE'S
BREWIN'
ALREADY!

WE WANT TH' SHERIFF...
WE WANT TH' SHERIFF...

SO THIS IS SADDLE
BUTTE! HMM, WONDER
WHAT'S CAUSING ALL
THE EXCITEMENT
AROUND THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE?

SHAVE
10¢





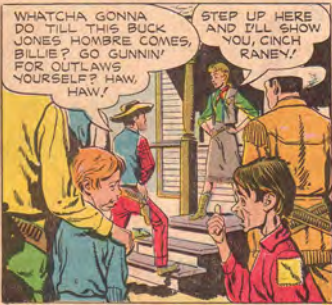
I'M SENDING FOR BUCK JONES, THAT'S WHO!

BUCK JONES! TH' COYOTE WHO HELPED YOUR OLD MAN SEND MY BROTHER TO PRISON?



THAT'S RIGHT, BANTY NORTON! NOW WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY?

HUH, MY BROTHER'LL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO MEET UP WITH HIM AGAIN!



WHATCHA GONNA DO TILL THIS BUCK JONES HOMBRE COMES, BILLIE? GO GUNNIN' FOR OUTLAWS YOURSELF? HAW, HAW!

STEP UP HERE AND I'LL SHOW YOU, CINCH RANEY!



HEY, BOYS, MAYBE SHE'S GONNA MAKE ME HER DEPUTY!

MAYBE SHE WANTS T' MARRY YUH! WHOOPEE!



I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR SHOOTING AT STOVEUP PETE NEAR BARREL ROCK PASS YESTERDAY!

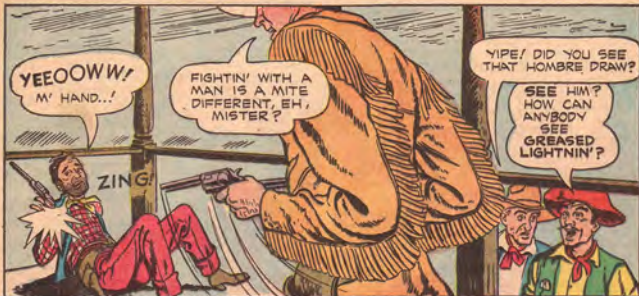
HUH?



GO ON, YOU HEARD ME, CINCH RANEY! MARCH! ...INTO THE JAIL!

HAW! CINCH'S GONNA LET TH' LADY SHERIFF PUT 'IM IN TH' HOOSEGOW! WOW!







HEY, BILLIE, I...HUH?
JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS,
THAT'S TH' GALOOT
WHO FOUND JUD'S BODY!



IS...IS
THAT TRUE?

I RECKON IT IS,
MA'AM! I FOLLOWED
THE TRAIL OF HIS
KILLER, BUT I'M
SORRY TO SAY I
LOST IT UP IN
THE HILLS!



HAW, SOME STORY! HE'S
PROBABLY TH' DRY-GULCHER
WHO KILLED YOUR OLD
MAN, SHERIFF!



WAIT A MINUTE,
STRANGER!
JUST WHO
ARE YOU?

THE NAME
MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE,
SHERIFF! I CAME
TO SADDLE BUTTE
TO MEET A GENT NAMED
GHOST NORTON!

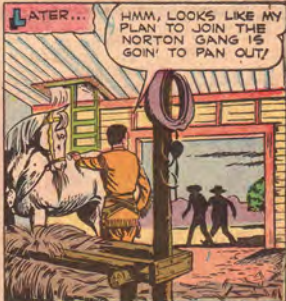


AH, I'M SORRY, SHERIFF, BUT
AS JUDGE OF THIS TOWN, I
MUST ASK YOU TO RELEASE
CINCH RANEY FOR LACK OF
SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE!



OH, I MIGHT'VE
KNOWN BANTY
NORTON WOULD
HAVE YOU SPRING
HIS TRIGGER-
HAPPY STOOGE!

TOO BAD YOUR
FIRST ARREST
WENT SOUR,
LADY SHERIFF!
HAW!



AN HOUR LATER...

HMM, CINCH RANEY'S TRAILIN' ME LIKE A SHADOW! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO SHAKE HIM OR I CAN'T TIP BILLIE OFF ABOUT THE ROBBERY!



IF I CAN'T GO TO BILLIE, THEN SHE'LL HAVE TO COME TO ME! THIS NOTE...

YOU LIKE WONG'S NUMBER ONE FOOD, MISSUH? SEBENTY-FIVE CENTS, PLEASE!



NAW, I DIDN'T LIKE YOUR FOOD...AN' I'M NOT PAYIN', SEE? SO VAMOOSE... CHOP, CHOP!



OLLO SAME, ME TINKEE YOU GOTTA PAY... YOU LIKEE FOOD OR NO LIKEE! CATCHEE SEBENTY-FIVE CENTS, PLEASE!

GO ON, BEAT IT! I'M NOT PAYIN'!



HALP! HE NO PAY FOR NUMBER ONE FOOD MY! HALP!

WHAT'S TH' MATTER, WONG? IS THIS GENT GIVIN' YOU TROUBLE? SPEAK ENGLISH!



HELLO, MISTER RANEY!
THIS GENTLEMAN REFUSES
TO COMPENSATE ME
FOR THE FOOD
I SERVED HIM!..

WELL, WELL, SO
YOUR PIDGIN-
ENGLISH IS
JUST FOR THE
TRADE, EH,
WONG?

DON'T WORRY,
WONG, I'LL BE
GLAD T' MAKE
TH' FOURFLUSHER
PAY!



THIS TIME I'VE
GOT TH' DROP!
PAY TH' CHINESE!

OKAY, CINCH, SINCE
YOU'RE ASKIN'
FOR IT...!



I'LL GIVE IT
TO YOU!

HEY!



STOP THAT FIGHTING
THIS INSTANT...OR I'LL
RUN YOU BOTH IN!

HA, MY
BAIT
WORKED!



AHHHHH...

CRASH!



OWW, MY PLATE GLASS
WINDOW! IT COST
ME FORTY DOLLARS!
太贵了!!

OKAY,
COWBOY,
REACH!

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR...HEY!

SORRY, MA'AM, BUT IT'S NOT NICE
TO POINT... ESPECIALLY WITH A
LOADED COLT!

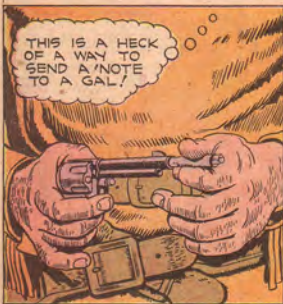


OUCH! LET
UP, LADY!
TAKE IT
EASY!

YOU...YOU COWARD
...YOU OUTLAW!
GIVE ME BACK
MY GUN!



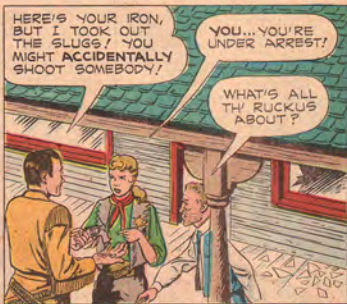
THIS IS A HECK
OF A WAY TO
SEND A NOTE
TO A GAL!



HERE'S YOUR IRON,
BUT I TOOK OUT
THE SLUGS! YOU
MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY
SHOOT SOMEBODY!

YOU...YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!

WHAT'S ALL
TH' RUCKUS
ABOUT?



HE BROKE MY
WINDOW!

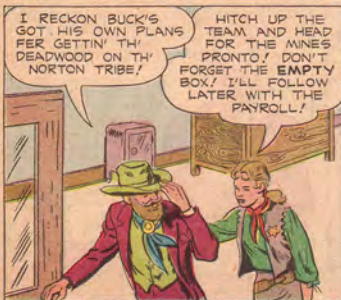
HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS!
IT WAS WORTH IT...
JUST TO TOSS CINCH
RANEY THROUGH IT!

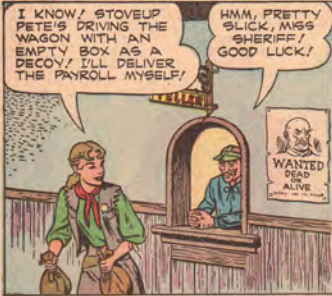


BUT THAT
MAN'S UNDER
ARREST!

AW, SHUT UP!
HE PAID FOR TH'
DAMAGES! C'MON,
BOYS, WE'LL SETTLE
THIS AT TH'
SALOON!







I KNOW! STOVEUP PETE'S DRIVING THE WAGON WITH AN EMPTY BOX AS A DECOY! I'LL DELIVER THE PAYROLL MYSELF!

HMM, PRETTY SLICK, MISS SHERIFF! GOOD LUCK!

WANTED
DEAD
OR
ALIVE



CINCH! THERE'S BEEN A LEAK! TAKE THE SHORT CUT AND WARN BANTY NORTON THAT STOVEUP'S WAGON'S ONLY A DECOY!

WHAT?



BILLIE CONRADY'S CARRYIN' THE PAYROLL HERSELF ...ON HORSEBACK!

I'LL BET THAT STRANGER IN BUCKSKINS CROSSED UP TH' GANG! WAIT'LL I TELL BANTY!



I'LL PACK THIS MONEY IN MY SADDLEBAGS AND HEAD FOR THE MINES BY ANOTHER ROUTE!



NEVER MIND, I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY, YOU ORNERLY CONRADY!

WHAT? SAY, WHO ARE YOU?



I'M TH' HOMBRE WHO PLUGGED TH' OTHER SHERIFF CONRADY! I'D A BEEN HERE EARLIER, ONLY YOUR OLD MAN WOUNDED ME, AN' I HAD TO HOLE UP!

GHOST NORTON!

THAT'S RIGHT...I'M TH' FELLOW YOUR OLD MAN SENT UP! I WAS ON MY WAY HOME FROM TH' PEN

WHEN I SAW HIM SNEAK INTO TH' BOX-4 LINE SHACK...!

AND YOU KILLED HIM!

C'MON, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR BARREL ROCK PASS! THE JUDGE JUST TOLD ME MY BROTHER'S UP THERE! I'LL FIGURE OUT WHAT T' DO WITH YOU LATER!

MEANWHILE, ON A RIDGE OVER-LOOKING BARREL ROCK PASS...

STOVEUP'S PAYROLL WAGON SHOULD BE AMBLING ALONG RIGHT SOON!

HEY, YONDER COMES CINCH RANEY!

I TOLD YOU TO HANG AROUND TOWN IN CASE MY BROTHER BLEW IN!

YEAH...BUT TH' BANK CASHIER SAYS BILLIE CONRADY'S FETCHIN' TH' PAYROLL... INSTEAD OF TH' OLD COOT! SHE GOT WISE TO TH' HOLDUP!

WHO TIPPED HER OFF?

I DUNNO, BUT I GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA IT WAS THIS JASPER HERE, BOSS!

HEY, THERE'S TH' WAGON!

BUT TH' MONEYBOX'S EMPTY! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

SINCE CINCH SUSPECTS YOU'RE TH' SQUEALER IN TH' MOB, SUPPOSE YOU PROVE HE'S PLUMB WRONG BY BLASTIN' STOVEUP PETE! SAVVY?

AND DON'T TRY ANYTHIN' FUNNY, COWBOY! I'M JUST HONIN' TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH YOU!

WELL, CINCH, MAKE SURE YOU HAVE PLENTY OF HELP BEFORE YOU TRY TO SETTLE ANY ACCOUNTS!



IF I EVER NEEDED GOOD EYESIGHT, I SURE NEED IT NOW ... SO SIT STILL, STOVEUP PETE!



GUESS IT'S TIME FOR THIS REDSKIN TO BITE TH' DUST!



I RECKON I'LL RIDE DOWN AND MAKE SURE THE SKUNK IS DEAD!

YEAH? I'LL MOSEY ALONG WITH YUH AN' MAKE SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE!

OKAY... WE'LL STAY HERE AN' KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR TH' GAL!







FASTER, MEN!



TH' WAGON'S BLOCKIN'
TH' TRAIL...AHHH!

CRASH!
HELP!



OWW, MY NECK!...HELP
...I'M CHOKIN'...UGH!

WHA' HAPPENED?
...OHhh!



NOTHIN' LEFT TO DO
IN THERE, STOVEUP!
THE NORTON GANG'S
THE DOGGONEDEST
MESS YOU EVER
DID SEE!

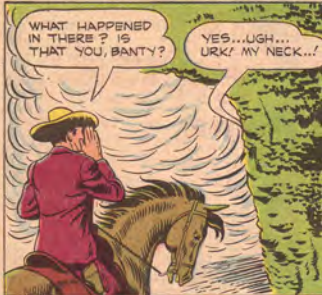
BUCK, HERE
COMES BILLIE
...AN' ANOTHER
RIDER! LET'S
HIDE!



HEY, WHAT'S GOIN'
ON UP THERE AT
BARREL ROCK PASS?

OH, DEAR! IT
LOOKS LIKE
STOVEUP'S
TEAM!





WHAT HAPPENED
IN THERE? IS
THAT YOU, BANTY?

YES...UGH...
URK! MY NECK...!



OH...!



WHOP!

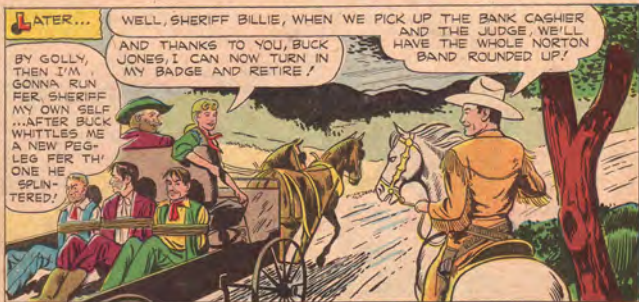
GAUGH!



GHOST NORTON! SO
WE MEET AGAIN!
WHAT'VE YOU GOT
TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF?

SURE IS A
TALKATIVE
HOMBRE,
AIN'T HE?

H-HELP!



LATER...

WELL, SHERIFF BILLIE, WHEN WE PICK UP THE BANK CASHIER
AND THE JUDGE, WE'LL
HAVE THE WHOLE NORTON
BAND ROUNDED UP!

AND THANKS TO YOU, BUCK
JONES, I CAN NOW TURN IN
MY BADGE AND RETIRE!

BY GOLLY,
THEN I'M
GONNA RUN
FER SHERIFF
MY OWN SELF
...AFTER BUCK
WHITTLES ME
A NEW PEG-
LEG FER TH'
ONE HE
SPLIN-
TERED!

BUCK JONES

and *The*
**TWO-FACED
KILLER**



SAGEBRUSH, THE KILLER'S
TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT
TO THE OLD DESERTED
MININ' TOWN OF MOONSKIN!

DANGED IF I CAN
FIGGER OUT WHY
A ORNERY BUSH-
WHACKER'D COME
TO THIS FORSAKEN
HOLE, BUCK!

WELL, I SUPPOSE
THAT AFTER THE
BADLANDS, EVEN A
GHOST CAMP
LOOKS GOOD!



HEY,
WHAT
TH...?

DUCK!
IT CAME
FROM THE
SALOON!

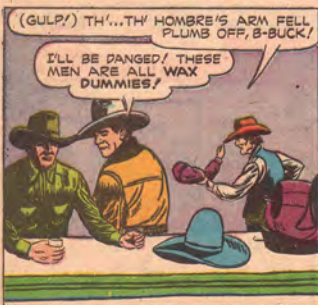


EASY, SAGE! THE
SIDEWINDER'S MIGHTY
DESPERATE BY NOW!

YEAH, WE
GOT HIM WITH
HIS BACK
AGAINST TH'
WALL AT LAST!



CAREFUL, NOW!









SAGE, YOU SEARCH THE BUILDINGS ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET. FIRE YOUR GUN IF YOU SPOT THE RAT! I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE!

I'LL FIRE SURE ENOUGH...RIGHT THROUGH HIM!



I'VE HEARD OF ALEC FENWORTH OVER IN TETON! THEY THINK HE'S LOCO FOR DEVOTIN' HIS LIFE TO MAKIN' A SHOWPLACE OF THIS DEAD TOWN...



BUT ONE MAN'S MISSION IN LIFE IS ANOTHER MAN'S IDEA OF NOTHIN' TO DO!... HMM, RECKON NOBODY'S HIDIN' IN HERE!



HALF HOUR LATER... WELL, THIS IS THE LAST BUILDIN' ON MY SIDE OF THE STREET! WONDER IF SAGE IS HAVIN' ANY BETTER LUCK?



OH-OH, SHOTS! SAGE MUST'VE FOUND HIM!

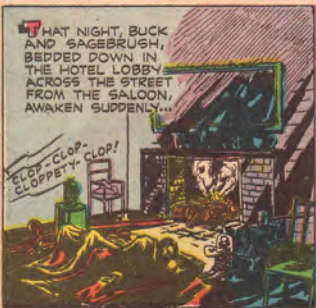
BLAM!

BLAM!



WHAT HAPPENED, SAGE? WHERE IS HE?

THAT'S WHAT I WANT T' KNOW! WHO'S SHOOTIN'?. HEY, LOOK!



WHY, IT'S SILVER-B AN' YOUR HORSE...
MOSEYIN' DOWN THE STREET!

WITH TH' RED-SHIRTED
HOMBRE WE'RE AFTER!
HEY! LOOKS LIKE
FENWORTH GOT
HIM AFTER ALL!



TH' HOSSES MUST'VE
WANDERED BACK
TO US FROM
TH' BADLANDS,
BUCK!

SILVER-B!
WHOA, BOY!



JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!
SOMEBODY SHOT HIM
IN THE FACE!



SHOT NOTHIN'! HIS FACE
MELTED OFF! THE WAX
MELTED FROM THE HOT
DESERT SUN!

WHAT?



WHAT FOOLS WE ARE,
SAGE! FENWORTH PUT
A DUMMY ON SILVER-B,
TIED THE TWO HORSES
TOGETHER AND SCOOTED
'EM OUT OF TOWN!

THEN ALEC'S
TH' OWNER
O' TH' RED
SHIRT AN'
BLACK
STETSON!



WHICH MEANS ALEC FENWORTH'S OUR
MAN...THE KILLER!

RECKON TH'
SCHEMIN' SKUNK
TRUSSED HISSSELF
UP 'FORE WE ENTERED
HIS WORKSHOP! HE
USED TH' STOOL
TO STAND ON!

...UH-OH, THE
LIGHTS WENT OUT!



ALEC FENWORTH! WHERE ARE YOU?

NO ANSWER! TH' COYOTE
MUST BE DOWNSTAIRS IN
HIS BLASTED WORKSHOP!



THEN IT WAS TH' DRATTED
DUMMY-MAKER WHO FIRED
AT US WHEN WE CAME T'
TOWN, BUCK!



YES, AND THERE
HE IS! MAKIN'
A BREAK FOR
IT!



TRYIN' TO REACH THE
HORSES, HUH?... NOW
THAT THEY RETURNED
AN' TIPPED YOUR HAND!



OKAY, YOU GOT ME
DEAD TO RIGHTS! SURE
I KILLED COBB! HE
FOUND A NEW STRIKE
THREE MILES FROM
HERE AND WAS ON
HIS WAY TO TETON
TO RECORD IT!



IF THE NEWS EVER GOT OUT,
MOONSKIN WOULD BE OVERRUN
BY GOLD-MAD HOOLIGANS
AGAIN! MY MONUMENT TO
THE PAST WOULD
BE RUINED!



RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, ALEC! INSTEAD
OF WAX DUMMIES, THE TOWN'D BE
FULL OF HUMANS...NONE OF WHO'D
PAY A RED CENT TO SEE A PHONY
GOLD MINE CAMP!

TH' PAST IS
DEAD, ALEC...BUT
SO'S YOUR FUTURE!





(Continued from inside front cover)

By the time the California gold rush, in 1849, had created a profitable market for his beef, the Longhorn had established the vast Southwest as a cattle empire.

Texans learned that a \$4 steer would bring \$300 on the hoof in the distant gold fields. So the great Longhorn drives were on. Into sun-baked desert, through blizzard-swept mountains, and across raging streams the great herds traveled. And the Longhorn thrived on the trail.

The Civil War caused this great Westward flow of beef to be diverted to the Confederate armies. For a time, a war was fought on Longhorn steak.

At the end of the war, a new and big-

ger market beckoned—the East. Thus, the famous Chisholm Trail came about, stretching from the cattle-clogged wilds of Texas to the railhead at Abilene, Kansas.

Once at the railroad, prime steers brought \$30 a head. A herd numbering 5000 head was not unusual.

During the peak trail years, from 1866 to 1890, ten million head of Longhorns trailed out of Texas up the Chisholm Trail. In addition, there were other, lesser, trails serving the same purpose.

The Longhorn was now feeding a NATION.

The meat, while tough, was palatable. Soon, however, the East came to demand tenderer steaks for its dollars. Then barbed wire went West.

And so the close breeding of soft Herefords became practical. Thus these two factors: a demand for tender steaks and the advent of the barbed wire fence spelled the swan song of the mean, wild, cantankerous, but never to be forgotten, LONGHORN.



